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PUBLIC VIRTUE.

"The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them.
* * * And the trees said to the fig-tree, come thou and
reign over us

"But the fig-tree said unto them, should I forsake my sweetness and my good fruit and go to be promoted over the trees?"

To do nothing but cry out against the vices and depravity of the age, will do no more good than to look upon them with too much allowance. Perhaps men who have not shared in the corruption of their times, have sometimes erred in not declaring themselves rather the friends of virtue, than the enemies of vice. They might have operated more successfully against vice by extolling and encouraging what virtue was to be found, than by declared and direct hostility to vice. At least it is well to say as little as possible about the evil, and be sure to do ample justice to the good that exist. But it would require no extraordinary degree of charity to admit that there is as much patriotism among us now, as at any former period of our history; and it is still more evident that there never was a greater demand for it to put forth its might. In times of tranquillity, when there is no probability of a change, our government is of all others the most independent of the integrity of those who direct its affairs. Dependent for their elevation on a people

intelligent and jealous of their rights, they may be compelled by other motives than those of the purest character, to exert themselves for the good of the nation. But if some great convulsion were threatened, men of unprincipled ambition would not hesitate to favor such a change, confident of holding a prominent position in the new order of things which they would be instrumental in effecting. This is the distinction between the true and pretended patriot: the former *always* acts for the good of his country; the latter does the same so long as it tends to his own elevation. Nor let any one pretend to say that there is no such thing as patriotism unconnected with any hopes of personal advantage. There *is* such a feeling; it is as natural as the love for a mother; it is strengthened by similar considerations of obligation and duty; it is alienated by the same disobedience and ingratitude; to be destitute of it implies the same abuse of the natural feelings as to have no affection for a mother. Then it is not claiming any great disinterestness or generosity for a man to say that he loves his country; it is not claiming any great merit for him to say that he acts in obedience to feeling so strong and so natural. It is true that those who exert themselves most successfully for the good of the country, are generally entrusted with the highest offices; but it is injustice to say they had this mainly in view because they might have known that it would follow. There have been and there are yet Americans, who if they saw their country in danger, would fly to her rescue for the sole reason that they could not bear to see her suffer, if her fate rested on them they would be glad to save her though their names were never to be known in any such connection.

Far different is the conduct of those who think they are aiming at their own aggrandizement. This is the error which has caused by far the greater part of the misery men have suffered for want of good government. But like all other faults we commit and all the sufferings we consequently incur, it proceeds from a mistaken idea of what we are seeking. Suppose a man inspired with this *noble* ambition has set his heart upon wearing a crown—suppose that by a course of fraud, in-

justice and violence he has gained his object. *Has* he gained it? Was his object to benefit his fellow man from his high elevation? His own course refutes that assertion. Was it fame? He acknowledges that such fame at least as his is utterly worthless. He could not be so mad as to seek for ease or security in this way. He sees nothing desirable in a power which first makes its possessor a slave to dread and uneasiness. Any how he must elevate himself. Has he done this by usurping a throne? Has he not rather *degraded* the kingly office to his own level, than raised himself to its dignity? Take an aspirant for honors which are conferred by the people as among us. There are doubtless many whose aim is to merit the honors they propose to attain; but there are some who make the honor itself the only object. They seek not how they may be qualified to serve the people best, but how they may please them best. They study not to advance such principles as are most beneficial, but to find out what opinions are most popular, and these they espouse. They will declaim about freedom, and yet submit to that worst of servitude the slavery of thought. When called upon to vote an important question, if uncertain which side carries the greater popularity, they will meanly attempt to avoid committing themselves by deferring or failing to vote. And what makes this course still more contemptible, it defeats its own object. An enlightened people can never be deceived by any such manœuvering. They would rather support a man who will stand to his opinion even if it is opposed to their own, than one who is afraid to have an opinion. But suppose they do not, suppose a man actually loses popular favor by following his own honest convictions; should he not prefer this to subjecting his actions to the varying breezes of popular opinion. If he does not, he is incapable of appreciating the prerogatives of a free agent. But he would speak of it as sacrificing his interests not to conform to popular opinion. He has no such interest. He inherits no title to the honor at stake; all his legitimate claims are founded on the approval by the people of his abilities and opinions, and this claim is at once destroyed when these opinions are disapproved by the people or abandoned by himself. Self sacrifices are not such to those who make them.

They consider the loss of some post of honor as of little consequence in comparison with the surrender of manly independence. There is one important act in the early history of our republic, which exhibits two noble exemplifications of this seeming self-sacrifice. In 1795 President Washington deeming it compatible with the honor, and expedient for the welfare of the United States, to conclude a treaty of amity, commerce and navigation with Great Britain, nominated Mr. Jay envoy extraordinary to his Britannic majesty. Washington anticipated, as the result proved—that the measure would meet with embittered opposition. Mr. Jay knew that he would share in the odium of his mission. Yet both firmly persisted in the discharge of their duties. Washington was severely censured by many. Mr. Jay never recovered the good will of the people. But were these self-sacrifices to *them*? They acted as they preferred, according to their sincere convictions. They saved their country and really added lustre to their names.

It is a pity that patriotism ever had to be called a great virtue; pity that nations were ever forced to hold out the rewards of praise and honor, to induce men to do what they should have done from the spontaneous promptings of the heart; more the pity that these rewards have become in some cases the sole incentives to salutary, not to say virtuous, public deeds. We might consent to have it styled a virtue on the premise that virtue is but the will of uncorrupted nature; but patriotism true and unbounded, may exist without any more purity of nature than man possesses in his fallen state. Admit that men often act for the good that is apparent to their obtuser perceptions, more than for the remote but superior good to which reason would direct them. This will account for the failure to perform religious duties; but the acknowledged advantage which results from the faithful discharge of duty to one's country is far more obvious. Men who seek eminence always express a high regard for good reputation; they acknowledge that the only way permanently to secure this, is to act honorably—and yet how often they take another course. Of all the motives which lead men astray in the discharge of their public duties,

there is not one which on a slight inspection does not appear utterly inadequate to produce such effects as it does. It is easy to see that ill-gotten power, hated celebrity, and precarious popularity, bring but a poor recompense for the danger and wretchedness incurred in their acquisition. But every act proceeding from upright motives is attended with that best of all rewards, self-approbation, and seldom fails to gain the praise to which it is entitled. Ambitious men surely could not object to a greatness which distinguishes them even above great men; and where there is one man that has nobleness enough to refuse a crown, there are a hundred that can fight their way to possess one. Men whose merits entitle them to supremacy, are always most capable of declining it. "And the fig-tree said should I forsake my sweetness and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?" Being already equal to the office they would rather honor it than be dignified by it; while men of inferior merit *aspire* to a high position, as something which is to elevate them. The ambition of such men is seldom satisfied, while those whose chief aspiration is to become worthy, can always gain their object.

AN EVENING STROLL.

Twilight deepens to the hour of dews and starlight, and then rises the moon. So often have our mournful memories deepened into tears, until the dawn of some reminiscence, that, invested with the vanished light of youth, ascends into the middle firmament, gilds hill and valley of the heart, and arranges even the mists of sorrow into a halo, the Cestus of the queen of Night. The most precious treasures of remembrance are in a measure sad. Hours of boisterous levity float like foam-bells on the current of Life, dancing in the hues of the rainbow for an instant, then bursting forever into viewless air; while its solemnities and heavinesses gather into the depths and solidify to gems, as fable reckons the amber of Eastern bays the concretion of tears. And

of a late evening, when the tide of quenchless and indefinite yearning that sets in with the darkness, and its shadowy, mute, sidereal influences, had ebbed and flowed, it washed up a strange recollection—a scene of passionate Boyhood, when to every object of beauty clung the untutored affections that henceforth must concenter upon one.

It was the August of our thirteenth year. Through the long school-room, deserted alike by the buoyant hearts that all day had hummed above the inky forms, and the blue flies that had bumped and buzzed and panted at hot noon against the singing panes, swept the coolness of declining day; an emblem and embodiment of the Spirit of Beauty and Rest, that, in its various phases and periods, visits all abodes of the Children of Toil—the cotta's shielding in sunset-shadows and roaring hearth—the mariner in the sea-bird that findeth rest for the sole of her foot and an eternal home on the waste waters, testifying by her presence upon even those world-wide heavings, the ubiquity of Peace, that is, of God—the clerk whose heart is sick in the air of debt, and barter, and speculation, the poverty and pride and crime and selfishness of metropolitan life, in some gifted page, baptised in quietness and love, of Nature's priests and ministers, through whom holding mediate communion with the world in its primal grandeur, or the cultivated grace of fields and rural avenues and lonely dwellings, the dirty walls of the counting-room expand into the glorious cathedral of earth and sky, breezes rustling, rivers rolling, sky-larks soaring, flowers glistening, the perpetual hymn of the Universe ascending, and a gush of dewy feeling washes away the dust of commerce, and the man feels himself regenerated to a holier, younger, earnestest being—the factory-boy, in whom the angelic affections of childhood have been ground down by the whirl and jar of ceaseless wheels, and its bright imaginations worn off in day-long grapple for a crust of bread, in the image of Sleep and the Happiness of dreams; or in that form of serenity which neither can the brick walls of cities shut out, or their tumults ruffle, the blue deeps of Heaven. We can recall no fancy so pathetic, as the idea of such a youth, who for all spiritual existence might be imagined to have

been born of a spinning-jenny, in a solitary hour looking to the stars, in unscientific awe of their mysterious meaning, his soul, long grown unconscious of its own immortality, awaking to a dim sense of an indefinite destiny, trembling under a flood of emotion which refuses to be embodied in thought, till at the summons of the inexorable bell, he turns with a groan from the wild, free constellations to the gnarr and burr, and his sore spirit from the calm and dove-like breeding of the evening sky to the rack, of the machinery that growled in his young ear instead of a mother's hymn, and is so become woven in his very life, that his heart beats but time to its accursed monotone, and his frame does nothing but grind, grind in an engine of wo.—Interrupt us not with your caution against digression: we admit the imputation, and scorn its import: we are sworn brothers to certain characters in Wilhelm Meister, whose song run

To give room for wandering is it,
That the world was made so wide.

And moreover, for we wax indignant, make such another objection, and in utter defiance of thy critical tastes, thou shalt be planked in a Chinese debating-society 300 years after the Millennium, or the meditations of Chedorlaomer, king of nations—see Gen. xiv. 1. We set no bounds to our imagination: in fact, we sometimes congratulate ourselves on a probable unsoundness of cranium, and find unfailing amusement in all weather and circumstances, watching the thoughts that swarm out of the chinks, like bees on a spring morning, some buzzing about the hive, some nestling in the nearest flower, some singing away into limitless air, but all gradually gathering home, till alike with their humming wings and honeyed spoils intoxicate, our whole soul begins to float away; and in some Pacific isle, with all imaginable glories of heaven and earth and sea above and around us, amid mental and elemental calm we walk with Plato in solemn converse and dream, we bend with Zoroaster to adore the stellar armies of the sky, or rapt by the Samian's kindling eye and majestic doctrine, hear the distant spherul anthem chiming to ringing brook and roaring breaker and rustling breeze in the tree-tops, with the perfect unison of primeval Nature: or oftener

still, amid utter loneliness of grove and shore, enjoy the trustful, loving countenance of some affectionate girl—wrong ! of *one* bright daughter of Eve : which unity of emotion is become almost the sole preventive of our total Freedom from cares ; thus, when of yore five minutes warning sufficed to bring us into intimate communion with the venerable dead of centuries, whose faces had assumed the unchangeable benignity of the grave, cold and alienated friends, enemies made and embittered, the anxiety, the weariness, the vanity, the mystery, the disappointment of Life, were billowy successive impulses toward a rest they were powerless to disturb : but of late, if the one presence that is become in a measure a necessity of our visions, and yet belongs to the fickle world, meet us in unkindness or apathy, if during our meditations on themes of deeper solemnity she appear at a distance, sorrowful, angry, or worse, in the giddiness and gayety of human mirth,—she whom we had ranked among the angels,—we recognize perfect independence as his lot alone who hath risen above the power of affection, and of the land where unrequited love is known only as a memory which can never more be realized. Oh subtle potency of insanity, that blindest with the melancholy of wild regret the sereneness of oblivion, that dost clothe with imperial dignity and empyrean rapture the outcast and exile and pilgrim, and stealest the spirit from the last wrestlings into the presence of the beloved and departed that wait on the eternity shore of Death, and givest to him who hitherto hath known no rest for the sole of his foot, dreams of the repose which for all that suffer and are tried sorely, remaineth under green-sward and grave-stone, in the solitude of the water-deeps, or of the wilderness, though men tremble at thy approach as in a spectral presence and deem thee the messenger of consummate woe, we who have known thy loveliness and consolation, hail thee still the manifest daughter of him “that doeth all things well.” And by the remembrance of thy gladness and comfort and independence of external life, by our sympathy in many a sad legend and poetical creation, above all by our tearful interest in gentle Ophelia and her swanlike death among the river-reeds—blessed art thou, Nymph of the Spirit, the joy and haven of him who hath no hope to live for, nor power to die !

An hour or two, or more indefinitely, follow sunset, a mellow reconciliation of day and night, which, from the peace and forgiveness typified in this union, from the mellow influences of approaching sleep, and many emotions neither to be defined nor traced, we have always felt to be a daily Sabbath—this in clear, warm weather, for our moods induced by storms and winter are of a different tone—and by no celestial decree indeed, but by the voice of our own celestial element of soul, consecrated to solemn themes; with this penalty upon all vain imagination and intercourse during that sacred season, of realising, in the last moments of evening consciousness, and the retrospect engaged in which we fall asleep, that we have lost an hour of assured immortality, of vivid memory, of oblivion for all anxieties, of forgiveness for all enemies, and the pleasure of universal love. In such emotional exercise and such meditative seriousness, we were sitting in the dusky school-room on the evening to which we have alluded. Through the open window, the purple dahlias were folding themselves to sleep, the modest violets in their shade went to rest in the same gloom and stillness, and we thought how thus gathered the breezeless, dewless night of Death upon the poverty and pride alike, of all that were mortal. “Johnnie Armstrong’s Gude Night” from a boatman’s bugle was ringing among the mountains, as the outlaw’s free spirit would have wandered them of old. The tune is one we always loved: the air, like the words, has a wildness and sublimity we recognise in no other, a compound of kindness and defiance, of sorrow and buoyancy, of a life that ranged moor and glen in the pride of strong arm and chainless foot and of a death that prisoned the chieftain in the narrow tomb: we hold it in pleasant and grateful remembrance as having awakened in us a taste for border minstrelsy and feud, a far nobler type of chivalry than the Knight-Errantry of more magnificent climes, and a source to us of many imaginative joys: but above all the scenes of that August evening have stamped it on the list of what we are wont to call the echoes of the heart—a form of memory which refers to sound, and requiring to fix it a deeper interest than the more material objects of sight, so requires a stronger emotion to call it into the legitimate

action of memory, namely, to bring tranquillity in sorrow, and moderation in bliss. Especially when some gust of passion hath swept into strong, loud tone the chords of our inner man, there chimes in with the lingering, lessening vibrations this music of remembrance, heralding joy: just as Memnon's pillar, amid the last utterances of the grand, nightly harmony of the spheres proclaimed the sunrise: in this different and more noble, that the statue's monotonous and single note may not fitly represent the varied and orchestral melody which we enjoy; sacred, funeral, martial and voluptuous; psalms, dirges, marches, chants, songs; of gladness, and penitence, and tombs, and love, and levity; yea, a shout, a sigh, a laugh, a kiss; and three reminiscences of a mother, powerful beyond all to strengthen us in the hour of trial, to soothe in the hour of anguish, to sadden in that of mirth, and to dissolve the heart-burden of sins into the flowings of repentant tears—the thunder-storm, amid whose receding roll and last pattering drops she fell asleep, the tints fading forever from her countenance as the first tinge of the rainbow blushed in the firmament, giving to our afflicted hearts strong assurance of his faithfulness in whom she had believed—the absolute, holy stillness, no sound so impressive, of the bedroom where she lay in curtained light and rigid, pallid beauty—lastly, the rustling trees above her grave, that on her burial-day made trembling response to the eternal consolation of the blessed words of service, “I am the resurrection and the life.” Waters were falling, wheatfields were waving, church-bells tolling far down the valley; and as though sacred themes were native of that solemnity, our thoughts were of scripture beauties: Rebecca at the twilight fount, Ruth among the golden corn, and Jephthah's daughter in the mountains of Syria forlorn.

An hour thus passed and still it was not dark: but a blending of day-light and starlight and moonlight and gloom. A school-mate, younger by a year than ourselves, whose pale forehead and the blue veins of whose temple and the hectic of whose cheek and whose quiet, affectionate demeanor, we all in our light heartedness looked upon and spoke of as tokens of angelic nature and speedy departure to be among them, who hath long since found rest, if

indeed, as often we have doubted, he ever knew unrest, drew near and said—*what* he said we don't remember, but we do remember how our heart thrilled under the words of an invitation to walk with the prettiest girl of Bethany, who waited for us even now in the lane. We presume there is a certain period in every man's life when he has an ambition to be a misanthrope or cynic, to sneer at the social affections of others and repress his own. We have outgrown all such notions, and have found the superior peace of loving all, enemies and friends: but at that time this disposition was in full blast within us, and our prime councillor. However, misogynists, we never were, nor coveted to be: and though in our zeal and cynical philosophy, we were accustomed to wallop a handsome little cousin exactly in proportion to the embraces he received at the last night's party, yet we are not sure but that some jealousy was mingled with our misanthropic wrath. At least, for the evening in hand we laid aside the robes of stoicism and assumed the most genteel coat with which our ragamuffin days were conversant, out at the elbows, perhaps, but by its connection with that evening's incidents, proving that bliss the most rapturous, yea, emotions exalted as an angel's and a most preponderant bump of dirty-shirt-iveness are not incompatible. Not in the least: quite the contrary: suppose our unprejudiced mind is visited with a desire for playful dalliance with an uncivilized boar-pig: secondly, he has no more sense of propriety but in a moment of undue excitement he will drive between our under-pinnings and leave us

"Groveling prostrate showing,

"Our nether parts uncomely." - - - - - KIT NORTH.

Now, how in name of all that's clean are we to gratify our propensity, if we must stake a thirty dollar coat to the porker's nothing? It oughtn't to be done—with Henry V, "I cannot be confined within the weak lists of a country's fashion," must be the motto of him who aspires to the character of an "Independent Variable."

Now the lane was shaded with willows, and having walked theredown a half-mile or so, you would have seen a quivering gleam, that was not upon their moon-lit leaves, as at first you

imagined, but the river-ripples close at hand. And when we emerged from the shadows, and before us stretched away for miles the noble stream in majesty and music—we wish we had time for a digression upon the frogs, whose midnight anthems have often suggested to us infinite musings in the slumber of all things awaking remembrance of a spirit that never sleeps—when the boundless Heaven sparkled and smiled above us, there was another pair of lovers looking into its fathomless dome and each other's eyes alternately and silently. The maiden was neither languishing nor flitting nor queenly nor retiring, but an intellectuo-passionate girl of 15; and for her features—well, if ancient Greece had such within her borders, the marine origin of Aphrodite is reasonable enough: for her brow had the whiteness of a marble rock that the ocean-depths had polished forever; her hair undulated upon her forehead's margin, and then put back into a neater crest than ever ornamented an Adriatic wave; her ear had the grace and delicacy of a rose-tinted, sea-bleached shell; her hue of teeth and lips gave assurance of their original place among the pearl and coral treasures of the main; her eye shone like a tranquil star mirrored in the blue Egean; and we watched her bosom heave with gentle emotion, as the mariner the water's easy swell, trembling to remember that in that light breeze is the germ of the tempest, even while rejoicing that it bringeth him to a wife's sweet smile and the joys at home. We walked, we have said, in silence: the far white gull that slept out among the billows was not more so: and a gleam of deeper love in the eye, a warmer pressure of the hand, a closer twining of the arms, a long, passionate, delirious kiss—why, bless your soul, moralist, don't make such a fuss about it; we were young and didn't know any better: and now we think of it, by our lady, you couldn't have helped it yourself; just imagine the mouth of an innocent, pretty girl of her age, pursed up into a ripe, round cherry, assuming a shape suitable neither for speaking nor smiling, but referable only to a desire for what all handsome girls are fond of, and puts youth of our temperament into a seventh-heaven ecstasy, and all the while just such a bashful, penitent, mischievous, wistful, threatening, reproach-

ful light in her eye as says, "Please do, I shan't object; and if you don't, I shall be vexed, and never look so loving again—how *can* you tease your poor little sweetheart?" and a white arm laid over your neck—Diogenes, you ought to be ashamed; for very pity you ought not to tantalise the affectionate rosebud lips, that look to you so kindly and coaxingly, and here you have spoiled a kiss and a sentence by a more "efernal" clatter and sanctimonious countenance than a lost duck in a camp-meeting,—go to thunder, Diogenes!—(*exit*)—a glance, a tremor, an embrace, were all that spoke the gushes of our Midsummer Night's Love.

Reader, if, which common sense forbid, you have followed us in hopes of an incident, this expectation, the brevity of all human compositions, though we have wasted space for a young novel, must blast. However, if you are wearied, as modesty assumes you to be, surrender yourself to the first quiet twilight alone, and if in grand, hallowed, sweet meditations all such wearinesses and all others are not forgotten, and you are a fair type of the mind of the race, heaven help us! we are insane: nay, heaven be praised! for to all suggestions of insanity, while it bring such oblivion and cheer. Amen.

THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.

The rolling of the martial drum had ceased,
The meadows once bedew'd, and clotted o'er
With blood, had freshened from the tramp of men;
And fragrant flowers lent their might to add
A soothing quiet to the souls of men,
Columbia's happy sons had overcome
A Tyrant's force, and burst his fetters strong,
And they had shouted loud, that they were free;
And cannon boom'd upon the morning air
To tell of triumph, and of victory!

And yet they were not free, but open lay
To any bold or daring hand, that cared
To seize upon the reins, and hold them fast,

And as they needed laws, and government,
They sent a chosen body of their wise,
And noble spirits, who before had led
Them on to victory, that they might now
Combine, and firmly plant, their brotherhood.
Some men there were within this noble gathering
Who loved their country with a generous heart;
Who only aim'd to place her name high up
Amid the list of those whose fame ne'er died;
And these with unabated zeal did strive
To gain their ends.

And some again there were
With sordid gain, and self alone in view,
Did buffet hard against their country's friends;
Yet tried to cover with the garb of truth
Their treacherous dealings and deceitful ends.
And some again who knew not what they spoke
Yet chattered on more loud than all the rest,
And thus in useless wrangling pass'd away
The time; and men began to fear forsooth
That all their honest efforts were but vain,
To concentrate and firmly stake their plans.
'Twas then when heat, and passion reign'd supreme,
And all was gloom, and doubt, a form arose
A noble specimen of man; and one
A country worshipped as its guardian star.
"Day after day," said he "has roll'd along;
Week after week, has found us sitting here
Speech upon speech, has rung within these walls
Teeming with learning, and with eloquence;
Yet nothing done."

"Does it not seem to all
That we have err'd in trusting to ourselves,
Nor once to have thought of asking from our God
To give his aid in building up our edifice.
Then let us turn unto the fount of grace
And ask at once for heavenly light to guide
Us safely through this tangled labyrinth,"
And warrior men, who ne'er bow'd down before,
Did then bow down, and supplicate their God.
Stern brows were there, and iron-sinew limbs,
Stout hearts that ne'er had quail'd to mortal man,
And eyes look'd meek, and hands were supplicating,
And trembling lips the solemn Amen, spoke,
And follow'd with a whispering energy
The heart relieving prayer.

'Tis ended now

A hopeful smile upon their faces play,
Lighting their task, dispelling clouds of doubt,
And shedding the first ray of light upon
That honor'd work, Columbia's code of laws!
Let our prayer ever be, to him who holds
The destinies of nations at his will,
That it may stand the traitor's poisoning shaft,
The winter blast, and rude assault of time!

B.

THE ENDEARMENTS OF HOME.

“When Satan entered Eden a shiver of horror shook all its roses and made the waters of the four rivers to tremble.” Hitherto sin had been known only in name. The innocent pair in every action met with the unqualified approbation of God their Creator, happiness was the sole tenant of those breasts which shame and misery so very soon usurped. To that disobedience, whose penalty was death, temptations had been slight if any; but now the tempter came. From persuasion or curiosity our common mother yielded, every volume tells something of “the fruit.” Though conscious that the threat which overhung them would be executed—though awake to the fearful fact that they had been deceived—though knowledge had not made them gods; they calmly saw innocence and happiness take their eternal flight, sustained in their grief by the intoxication ever consequent of guilt. But in one thing this intoxication failed them, they could not part with paradise, for it had been their home. Home! how can it be given up? this is the object of our earliest attachment, the object around which our affections cling fondly until death, it matters not through what vicissitudes we may be called to pass, memory on pensive wing still returns to weep o’er the associations of our early home! Joseph the idol of Israel’s heart, but the victim of his brothers’ cruel hate and jealousy, remembered not the dampness of the chilly pit, nor the ignominy of bondage, but threw over them the broad cloak

of forgiveness, for they had been inflicted by the brothers of his infancy. And though exalted on account of his wisdom in divination, from the chattel of the Ishmaelite to the ruler over Egypt, he gladly turned from the pomp and pageantry of Pharaoh's costly palace, to find in the embrace of his weeping-shepherd father his long-lost, his ever-cherished home. The endearments of home defy all casualties, even the ravages of an avaricious and victorious soldiery, cannot destroy them. Though the temple had been sacked, the priesthood insulted, and the holy vessels defiled, still amid the magnificence of Babylon, the gloomy-minded, brow-beaten Israelite, could only retire into his own full soul and sigh, Jerusalem! Poets who always feel most, have eagerly availed themselves of this principle of our nature, and when the epic of their soul is before them in all its fair proportions, they smile with complaisance as they view the symmetry of the whole; and whether their hero be the warring patriot, or wandering exile, his character appears most natural and lovely, when defending or loving the land of his nativity. Homer's Achilles, whose many virtues were the theme of the Macedonian chief's continuous thought, and zealous emulation, never rises more superior to the common herd of heroes by whom he is surrounded, than when yielding to the greedy Agamemnon, he withdraws to weep beside the "far-sounding" sea, and sobbingly supplicates, the "silver-footed Thetis," his mother. But when old Priam sweeps with trembling hands the chord of his filial affection, and the obdurate victor subsides into the compassionate friend, our admiration begs all description! Ulysses, who almost equalled Jove in counsel, turned from the proffered charms of Calypso, and discarded immortality to hear the bleating of his own herds, and be with his own Penelope! Hector had gone forth glorying in his strength to grapple with the stern Greek, but while he weltering in his blood and gasping for life, begged his own body from the hungry throat of dogs, his fair spouse was preparing a warm bath in which he might relax his stiffened limbs returning from the hard fought field. It is only such endearments that render life worth living! With great propriety then did

immortal Virgil, invoke a muse to aid him in his task, for he sought to represent a homeless hero, struggling successfully with misfortune. Oh how blighting cold and withering would be the chilling thought that, during our allotted three score years and ten there would be naught else than toil ! But what stands between such a thought and reality ? what is the recompense of those who "toil, sweat, endure ? where may all troubles be forgot, all hardships cease, all sorrows end ? the answer must be home ! But the creatures of romance are not the only exemplifications of this principle, it is real not imaginary. It has other qualities too, besides beauty and loveliness ;—it is fraught with utility—its advantages are manifold. The dutiful and affectionate son—he whose attachment is exemplified in action, always ripens into the useful citizen or honored patriot. But home to be useful, to be dear, must be more than house and lot. Virtue, affection, duty and love, must be combined and blending constitute discipline. From such a home as this will the casket of sweet reminiscences receive its brightest gem, and the heart draw lessons from whose holy truthful teachings, is built up noble, true, manliness. If any thing is calculated to curb inordinate desires, to regulate and direct ambition and energy, it is the counsel and example of a pious father to seek our own happiness and that of those by whom we are surrounded, rather than poor, pitiful self-advancement. If any thing stimulates the philanthropist, philosopher and statesman, to struggle, think, and act for liberty, it is the hope that that species with which he recognises himself as identified seated beneath their own vine and fig-tree, may enjoy unmolested that peace and tranquility, which he finds always and *only* at home. The ennobling influence of these sacred endearments, may be distinctly traced through the history of those who from actual benefit conferred, have received deserved distinction. Luther, to the achievement of whose genius the world is indebted for the glorious boon of civil and religious liberty, derived all that holy boldness and earnest candor so characteristic of his active life, from the nightly prayers of his mother, an humble miner's wife. All moral excellence must begin at home. Character must receive its cast from principle, and

those principles which are adopted in its formation influence both life and destiny. It is one of the most obvious properties of mind, to direct all subsequent exertion in accordance with the views earliest inculcated. National and religious prejudices, perpetuate diversity of sentiment, pursuits and institutions, but parental precept is the foundation on which the whole superstructure is erected. When therefore home is the abode of jealousy and discontent, of selfishness and all the petty bickerings which sour disposition and embitter after life, instead of blessing, it curseth mankind; for those whose happiness and principles are thus wrecked, involve others in their misery. Talleyrand, one of the darkest characters that stains the name of France—one of whom no good word can be spoken, was the helpless victim of family feuds. The refinements of society forbade him the parental roof,—the absence of a father, and the neglect of a mother, chilled, destroyed his affection—thrown entirely upon himself, he had naught but self to love—conscious of wrongs and of power to revenge, he had the world to hate! “He knew no motive but interest,” and served whatever master most advanced his ends. Religion, country, friends, all—all found in him an enemy. But this is only one of many instances which might be cited from the number of those whose infamy has rendered them conspicuous, what therefore would be the scene, could the curtain be withdrawn which obscures the history of their more humble accomplices in guilt? From the scaffold confession of the blind instruments of accomplished villainy, what warning should be taken by those who greatly undervalue if not entirely disregard these home-teachings! And were such warning improved, how many beneficial members of society might be reclaimed from the growing catalogue of crime?

M. E. N.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF WM. H. TIMLOW, A MEMBER OF
THE JUNIOR CLASS—BY A CLASSMATE.

“He is not here.”

‘He is not here,’ a mourning class
Their last, sad tribute pay
To one belov’d, whose soul has left
Its tenement of clay.
Death, from our midst, has summon’d him,
We bow beneath the rod
Of him, who “doeth all things well,”
To meet a righteous God.

‘He is not here,’ call’d hence away,
His body to the dust,
His ransom’d spirit freed, has gain’d
The mansions of the just,
Where bliss awaits the chosen ones,
Who faithful unto death,
Have giv’n their witness to the Truth,
Even to their parting breath.

‘He is not here,’ but memory
Will ever wreath its chain
Around our hearts, and cherish there
Friendship’s undying flame;
Will call to mind our classmate dear,
Companion, brother, friend,
A christian here, an angel now,
Till life itself shall end.

THE FLIRTATION.

Mary. And pray Ellen, what have you done with your beau to day?

Ellen. Who, Fred? Why got rid of him to be sure. Who on earth could stand it to have one man at one’s side every time one walked out, or rode, or sat down to the piano?

Mary. But remember Nell you are engaged, and surely you cannot find a pleasanter companion for a walk, than the one with whom you expect to pass your life!

Ellen. Heyday! as to spending *my life* I never once thought about *that*. I obey the injunction to let each day take care of the trouble thereof, and have never once extended my vision beyond the honeymoon. I confess I dread that, as Fred will undoubtedly expect me to look at nobody but him for full four weeks. It is a relief to think that he is really good looking. But as to that lifetime, I suppose if I find it as tiresome then as I do now, I must make the best of a bad bargain.

Mary. How can you speak so lightly Nelly, any one would think you quite heartless, and that you are not.

Ellen. And how *you* talk Molly, and with such a solemn face. Any one would think I wanted to commit some great crime, theft, arson or murder. All I want is to enjoy a little innocent flirtation while I *am* free, and so long as Fred sticks to my side like a shadow that is impossible. I *will* have a little fun, and so I will just seal your mouth with a kiss."

Ellen and Mary were bosom friends, verifying the adage that the strongest attachments are founded upon contrasts. Ellen (or, as Mary's soft voice always called her Nelly,) might have been ushered into the world at the time of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. Quick and impulsive the spring of life within her seemed a torrent of burning lava, often devastating all around, and yet capable of being polished and carved into splendid ornaments, and making even crosses and hearts the symbols of religion and love. Her hair was black as the raven's wing, but her deep blue eyes assorted well with the dazzling fairness of her skin, set off by a bloom which Hebe might have envied. Mary on the contrary might have been supposed by strangers, to have commenced her existence during an eclipse of the sun, and her lavender colored eyes, (Ellen quarrelled with any one who called them grey,) chestnut hair and pale cheeks made her seem inanimate on first acquaintance, but those who knew her well, as Nelly did, could bear witness to the treasures of intellect and affection enshrined in her soul. Indeed, her speaking eyes betrayed them when pleading the cause of the suffering poor, or defending Religion, attacked by beardless wits, anxious to establish a reputation for commanding talents, by hurling defiance at

their maker's throne. Neither had a sister, and like David and Jonathan of old they were knit together as one soul.

"Well," resumed Mary, "what excuse did you make to poor Fred?"

Ellen. None, only I managed it so that he could not avoid offering to walk with Anna Davenant. A pleasant walk will he have too, for I shrewdly suspect Anna was going her usual round of distributing tracts, and if Fred dislikes one thing more than another it is what he calls cant. He particularly objects to women making themselves useful in any other way than by making home comfortable for the "lords of creation." I verily believe he would be glad if his sisters would make watch-guards and segar cases for all the young men of his acquaintance, but when Sophia wanted to join the Union Benevolent Society, and cut out shirts for the poor, he quizzed her so unmercifully that she had to give it up. Anna and Fred are both great talkers, I wonder which will convert the other.

Mary. If Fred were not so devoted to you, I would fear Anna might convert him more completely than you could wish, for on the list of all my acquaintances, there is not a girl more attractive than Anna, and her unassuming modesty seems to make her merit more striking.

Nelly's toilet being at last completed, she descended to the crowded saloon of the Columbia House, so well known to the yearly frequenters of Cape May. Mary went over to the Atlantic House to call upon a new comer, and Nelly was soon joined by a whiskered beau from New York, heartless and superficial as the New York dandies usually are.

As soon as Fred could politely leave Miss Davenant, he returned to seek Nelly, fondly expecting to be scolded for his absence. What was his surprise to find her too deeply engaged, to be aware of his presence, for Ellen used every art to prolong the *tete a tete*, for the express purpose of annoying him. And now while he stands with that angry cloud darkening his otherwise open countenance, let us describe Frederick Grenville. We will not pretend to say that he was *handsome*, for though every novel shows you a handsome hero, to find one in real life, you would

need the lantern of Diogenes. But he had what is often met with, (and would be seen more frequently, if men curbed their passions better,) a very pleasant face, a fine broad forehead, intellectual eyes and smiling mouth. The latter was however often distorted by a contemptuous sneer, which very small trifles would call up. At last Fred stepped up, and in a tone which could not be mistaken, invited Ellen to take a walk on the beach. She assented, and taking her bonnet, placed her small hand on his arm. The silence was broken by Ellen's exclaiming, "and pray, dear Fred how long have you been here. I have had such a charming conversation with Mr. Hunt. He is *so* talented, so different from our Philadelphia beaux. I really wish I had been born in New York."

Fred. I am sorry Ellen that I happen to be a Philadelphian as you dislike them so much.

Ellen. Oh! no I do not dislike them, but I cannot help it if the New Yorkers are so much more agreeable.

By this time Fred was really angry, and their walk on the beach proved so unsatisfactory, that Ellen announced with great glee that evening to her friend Mary, that they had a "real lover's quarrel." It is needless to add that the quarrel was of long duration, as one was not willing, and the other not anxious to make any advances. Mary often trembled lest a complete estrangement should take place between them, but Ellen always laughed, and said Fred would be glad enough to make it up, whenever she was ready. In the meantime she flirted with Mr. Hunt to her heart's content, thereby exciting the animadversions of the sober mamas, and the envy of two or three young girls, foolish enough to take the fop at *his own* evaluation.

We cannot say how long this state of things might have lasted, as it was abruptly terminated by an accident. It was a lovely day, and the white crested breakers were flirting with lovely faces, while the crowd of bathers in their costumes of red, yellow and plaid flannel, reminded the spectators on the shore of a picture of a Dutch fair. Nelly and Mary were bathing with Mary's father and Mr. Hunt, when a shriek was heard and the cry of "the life boat, the life boat," passed like wildfire through

the ranks of bathers. Every eye was soon strained towards the spot where a bold swimmer, who had ventured beyond his depth, was struggling in vain with the under current which was carrying him from the shore. Unfortunately the life boat was at some distance, and some minutes elapsed before it could reach the spot where it was so much needed. A few strokes more would have sufficed, when the brave swimmer sank, and a shout burst from hundreds of lips. Still they kept on, and as the body rose for the last time to the surface, a man seized him by the shirt collar, and pulled the senseless form into the boat. The thrilling cry "he's dead." passed from one to another. "Who is it," shouted Mr. Hunt to some one at a distance. "Mr. Grenville is drowned," was the reply. Ellen, the heartless Ellen, fainted in the water, and in the hurry and confusion, it was some little time before she could be rescued. Both were carried insensible to the hotel, where every care was bestowed by their respective friends. When Grenville at last recovered consciousness, he was told that he had indeed been at the gates of death, and there were not wanting friends to inform him of the unexpected emotion betrayed by Ellen Knox. His face flushed, but he said nothing. Ellen meanwhile had recovered, paced the floor in agony of spirit, (for when on the point of losing Fred, she had felt that a lifetime spent with him would be by no means irksome,) but pride forbade her sending him any message. "I will be their guardian angel," thought Mary, and she laid a little plot with Fred's confidential friend. Fred was too feeble to leave his room that day, and Ellen was too agitated to trust herself in company. The next morning when the breakfast bell rang, by a *strange chance* Fred and Ellen found themselves face to face. Pride had no time to act, and feeling threw them into each other's arms. As may be supposed the reconciliation was complete. The only complaint Mary had to make of Ellen during the few days that remained of the bathing season, was that she had no time to devote *ever* to her. They were married soon after their return to Philadelphia, and Ellen proved the most exemplary and devoted of wives, as she had learned that though flirtations may amuse an hour, true

and constant affection alone can embellish a lifetime. Fred often boasts of the good sense he displayed in marrying the "greatest flirt in town."

M. M.

SQUIGGINSVILLE, May 6th, 1851.

MR. EDITOR :

I haint wrote to you before in a long time and no doubt you think hard of me for it ; but I couldnt help it no how. Matters and things in general have been so tarnation scarce 'round Squigginsville lately that it was impossible for me to write as I haint had any thing to write about. I ra'ly began to think that poor old Squigginsville was gwine to pot ; 'til tother night when old Uncle Timotheus and good old Aunt Kizzie 'gin a "Rid Snortin" party to their oldest daughter Sophia Josephine who you know has jist turned out "young lady." This not on-ly revived our little village but also gin me matter for this letter.

We had some buck up dancin'—Uncle Timotheus and widder Squiggins danced the Polka, while I and old Aunt Kizzie waltzed. It would have jist done you good to have seen old Parson Allfire's son Jeremiah and old Squire Bangs's Caroline dance the Mazurka, they did it up so brown ; for you know they have jist returned from the Big Norderd and know 'all about these kind o' things. To tell you the truth sir ; Miss Caroline Bangs has jist fotch me, she is so tarnal charming and has such a mel-lifluent voice : if you could only hear her call my name—she does say Major Peacock with so much harmony and grace—that it would jist fotch you too. I never saw sich a party as Cousin Sophy's was, since the night when old Parson Allfire jined you and Miss Dinah Pipkin in the holy estate of connubial felicity.

I like to have forgotten to mention old Aunt Phebe Crane, she was thar ; and it would have jist done you good to have seed the juvenile actions, the old maid put on. Old Phebe has jist

returned from the woman's rights convention, and has more to say than a little. She got very intimate thar with old Mrs. Partington and every other word with her now is, "my friend Mrs. Partington says so and so."

But to return to the party. I shall not have time to say any more in regard to the guestises, as I must say something about the supper. It was a "gaul buster." It like to have been a bust up with me, I eat so much of your favorite dish—bull-frog soup and drunk so much *Sham-Pain*, that I had to unbutton my "wooskit" or I should have exploded all my fine clothes. Old Aunt Phebe Crane wasent much better off than I was, if any thing she was worse. The old lady was laced up so tight in the fashion that she didnt have room to expand in proportion as she indulged in bull-frog soup. The consequence was that the old maid went off into a swoon right thar in the room, and I do believe if Doctor Pompey Adolphos had not been thar on the spot, that poor old Aunt Phebe, would have busted right up. Well sir, Dr. Adolphos told Aunt Kizzie that she had better have Mistress Crane taken up stairs to bed: so Uncle Timotheus, Squire Bangs and myself, got holt of the old lady to lug her up stairs I had her head, Uncle Timotheus and Squire Bangs each, a leg: well away we went with old Aunt Phebe in our arms. Well sir, we hadent got mor'en half way up stairs 'fore I got to laughing and let poor old Phebe drop—away she went tumbling down stairs Uncle Timotheus and Squire Bangs right arter her. Aunt Kizzie, she sung out at the top of her voice for me to grab Mistress Crane; but I was so full of larf that I couldent move a jint. Poor old Aunt Phebe's lacin's gin way and her skin bein' too tender to hold the poor old maid busted. Thus you see sir, that the party ended in the "bustification" of poor old Mistress Phebe Crane.

Excuse my bad pen, and write soon, give my love to your wife and children and tell them that their old friend Major Peacock will be on to see them as soon as Mr. Fillmore gets them tarnal ab'litionists Fred. Douglass and George Thompson out of the country. No more at present.

I remain your most obsequious

Friend Major Z. PEACOCK.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that the *obsequities* of Mistress Crane, came off to-day : they were very imposing. Parson All-fire preached the sarmin and gin out the following hymn written 'spressly for the occasion—

Here in this coffin lies,
A very good cook of pudding pies,
'Tis old Phebe Crane ;
Who never had a pain,
'Till the Major let her drop
From the staircase top.

Yours til deth Z. PEACOCK,
Major in the Southern right's army.

MR. EDITOR.

Tommy Riggle and Betsy Wiggle,
Loved to chat and loved to giggle,
They took a walk as luck fell out
One day at nine or there about,
To see their neighbour Jacob Miggle
Whose people all were known to giggle.

Now here biography's in play,
So I their characters portray,
And this I wish you'd keep in view
That each was one and both were two,
Perhaps in time the converse may be true
And when it is, I'll make it known to you.

Now Betzy wore a gay green bonnet
A marino dress and cape upon it,
A skirt all covered o'er with laces,
Such as maids ware in many places,
Her eyes were blue and well expressed
The thoughts which lingered in her breast.

As for Tommy he wore a roundabout,
His arms were large and shoulders stout,
His mouth could hold a keg of brown stout,
His nose had been broken in youth no doubt,
He kept squinting at Betzy all the way,
But for what reason I can hardly say.

They both walked along, with arms locked together
In the month of May, in very fine weather,
Betzy tottered and dilted along the way,

Like a cricket or a hoptoad on a bunch of hay,
Tommy tried to look solemn,—talked of the moon,
And of eating mush with ladle and spoon.

He thought how desperately happy he'd be
If he and sweet Betzy could only agree,
In love, and harmony, and all that
Which poets are always hinting at,
He concluded he'd put the question by guess,
And Betzy she whiningly answered him "yes."

Two crows that had always been called jackdaws,
Immediately screamed out with their caw, caws,
When Betzy started and asked what was the matter,
That those noisy birds were making such a clatter,
To explain it Tommy was going to assist her,
But first he pulled off his hat and kissed her.

At last they came to neighbour Wiggle's,
Where Betzy was joined to Tommy Riggle,
So now my poem has unity most fair,
As every one should according to Blair,
And now the greatest trouble is done
Although the union has just begun.

Here they loved and wiled away the time,
Some talked of first love and some of making rhyme
Some thought chicken pie good as white pudding,
And some preferred bread baked in an oven,
Betzy loved poetry and Tomy strong cider,
Mother Wiggle thought a blue fly worse than a spider.

But here Betzy burst forth in her rhyme,
In sentences clear and almost sublime,
She said that all things would tarnish by time,
That white-wash was made of water and lime,
That to kiss a pretty maid was a crime,
But to eat peaches with cream was very fine.

Here Tommy said he was a rhymers too,
And so he'd try what he could do,
He thought he'd commence with his grand-damers shoe,
With a hole in the front to eject the great toe,
A heel that would cover an acre or so,
And an instep quite a foot down below.

What further passed I cannot say,
For here I left and came away,
But if any one could have had time to stay,

He might have learned many new things that day,
For Betzy Wiggle and Tommy Riggle,
Were just the pair to chat and giggle.

HUMAN PROGRESS.

There is perhaps no principle in the human heart so deeply rooted, or any passion of the soul of such uncontrollable sway, as the desire to learn and improve. It appears from the actions of man as an inborn principle deeply planted in his philanthropic breast. We can discover proofs of its origin in the actions of our first parents as they enjoyed themselves in the rosy bowers of Eden. That the desire to learn was deeply implanted in their bosoms, is attested by the fall of man. Oh, what an hour? To think even now of his former happiness makes us shudder for his disobedience, disconnected from the awe of the wrath coming from an avenging God. Man made an exile from Paradise had now to purchase his bread by the sweat of his brow, but often did he look back where once he enjoyed the elysium of his earthly happiness, with sorrow and grief, for there the glassy streams mirrored forth the image of their author, there the dewdrops of heaven kissed the flower, and the flower loved its weepings, there amid these would Adam and Eve steal a moment from the reigning stillness and pausing upon the still calm water's edge, drink in nature's voiceless harmony, and listen to the universal anthem which all things uttered in their silent innocence, joining in the prayer which earth poured forth to heaven. Thus man deprived of such felicity by his disobedience, it was necessary for him to make some effort of his own, to obtain his livelihood. And from the time when the divine command was issued, to the present day, man has gone on improving. For though vast and mighty portions of this Earth are in the cold and close embraces of darkness and superstition, a limited survey would soon satisfy us that the world is still awakening from the sleep of ignorance.

A light beams afar on the blazing summit of Mt. Calvary, whose top resting high in heaven, has been baptized by sacred blood. Since the crucifixion of our Saviour, the twilight of knowledge has been continually breaking in upon dark portions of the globe, and Mankind have been led on by some continued feeling, given by the divine Architect to forward the human race. A new existence of things and a more magnificent view of the universe, are now presented to man's mind, the rich inheritance of which has been accumulating from the most distant period of the remotest age.

That it has been one of man's main endeavors to rise in nearer affinity with the deity, since his fall in Eden is sanctioned by all the combined testimony of the past. In man there seems to be a power ever working upon his sensibilities, forwarding him on to some glorious end, which destiny has with her mystic pen, written in the book of fate. There prevails an agency of mind by which our thoughts and ideas are conveyed to our fellow creatures, for without this thought possessing the elements of immortality, would be "imprisoned and choked" in the one cell of decaying perishing dust.

The wisdom and intellectual power of mankind may seem to droop, but it is an illusion in the world's vision. Our speculations will find encouragement, and the demands of fame are unremitting and imperious. The boundless raptures we see ahead together with the flush of illusion leads us on to some new discovery, which would honor the most exalted genius. Cannot then this be attributed to some bright period in the annals of the world? Can we not look back and find that which first aroused man from the lethargy of superstition! Yes. It will be found by careful examination to be the "star seated and stationed" by divine command over Bethlehem. From the christian era advancement has gone in rapid strides, the remaining "Spirit of Divinity" in man increasing as he emerges from the dark regions of fiction and superstition.

Without christianity all must freely confess that the advancement of the human race would be retarded. For it is linked with reason, giving us the conception and power of apprehen-

sion by which the mysteries of God are revealed to our corrupted and unbelieving minds.

Some have been prone enough to say we have now arrived at our millennium. It seems absurd to make mention of such an opinion. Every day-occurrence proves it false, it needs no refutation. Though we have gone so far as to make the lightnings of heaven obey; still does this prove we are to stop? No. To pause, would be to retrograde. The thoughts of preceding generations are handed down to us—the ideas of one or more centuries are, as it were married, and the mind becomes more developed and enlightened by grasping them thus united. Europe and America we may say from the velocity of our steamships, converse across the tumultuous billows of the deep. The extremes of our glorious country listen to the whispers of each other, as they are conveyed upon the slender cords of the telegraph. How amazingly has mind progressed in bold inventions? The God of nature and maker of man, has gifted the human race with powers, which the overwhelming and successful combination of creation's influences, will ever excite him to exert, so as to change a dreary desert into a Paradise and soothe the clamorous woes of suffering humanity.

As there is no limit to the power of invention, so on the other hand its achievement are beyond computation. The puerile man of our day treats as a toy those implements, the construction of which was in ages past a trying mystery to the prying minds of hoary sages. Thus does man seem constitutionally formed to improve as he runs through the existence given him by the all-wise and foreseeing God.

This desire to improve is nourished both by the present and the future—nearing him to the celestial beings, who shrink not at his bold approach. Under the influence of this uncurbed spirit of progression, nature and art join in melodious anthems; while an angelic choir seem to chime in the chorus onward, the sound of which bears futurity, the stern order to unrobe herself of her dark mantle for its reception. Thus man goes on rising and improving, becoming the admiration both of man and angel.

W—h.

PRINCETON, VERSUS BARNUM ET HUMBUG!

Multiply Typee by Baron Munchausen—add the seven leagued boots of Jack, the Giant-killer—carry the Moon-Hoax raised to its fiftieth power to the amount;—and the remainder will be the square of the Arabian Nights Entertainments. To which add seventeen new voyages for Sinbad the Sailor—a topsail schooner load of Aladdin's lamps (latest patent) and the great carbuncle Mount Plungerbad which gives light to two thirds of Humbugistan, and multiply the whole by Paine's Gas or the Learned Blacksmith and, it is said, you have Barnum the great individualization of Humbug. But Barnum has been outwitted. It is true, great as he is, he has been outwitted by the chivalric sons of Princeton. Let him hold his peace. Let him retire to his villa—and there with the companions of his pilgrimage—with Joyce Heth—with Tom Thumb—with the big Cannibal—with the man minus arms—with the Woolly Horse—with the Pig that weighed 1,000,000 pounds—with the seven fatigued elephants—and with the darkee with long hair that represents a New Zealand Chief—let him await that demise which shall roll him up as the mummy of Spurius Gullius the Great! But let me tell you, Mr. Editor, how it was Mr. B. was taken in. Friday morning, May 23d, 1851, he made a triumphal entrance into Princeton, according to a notice posted quite numerously some time before—with his car of Juggernaut and his long procession of monkeys, carriages, drivers, Tom Thumbs, and other wild animals, following. Of course the students were out for to see all this—as of old the blind men went out for to see the cripples run a race—and admired accordingly. But, sir, Barnum calculated, but poorly the state of feeling in this borough. He didn't know that, most of all and above everything, we abhor hereabouts anything that looks like idolatry or superstition. Brought up on the old Presbyterian regimen, of course, this is quite natural. And, the sight of that Car of Juggernaut roused to a burning pitch the indignation of the sons of Nassau. The day passed, night came and then midnight. Deluded Barnum!

Carefully had he posted his wakeful sentinels around his Caravan tent. Carefully had he prepared for an attack from the wild boys of Princeton. But the idol car—ah, he forgot that!—or vainly imagined that amed by the grandeur of its appearance or the sublimity of its use—it would not be harmed. And so with matchless want of foresight—he left it standing in the street before the college. But the cry has gone forth; “Down with the Car of Juggernaut! Down with the diabolical superstition! To the canal! the canal! with the heathenish engine of torture!” A black mass moves towards and surrounds the Car. The flickering light of a cigar here and there betrays that the dark mass is a crowd of humans.

Silently and strongly is the hugo machine seized. Slowly but surely is the huge machine made to leave its place by the peaceful roadside, and travel onward to the canal. As the Trojans—unhappy Ereadne!—would have rolled the treacherous horse down, down, into the bright Egean had they dreamed that armed men were in its bowels, so they the nobler than Trojan band of the sons of Nassau, dragged the huge car to the raging canal:—feeling the nobility of their enterprise and the glorious benefit they were conferring on mankind by destroying the engine of one of the most diabolical superstitions that ever blackened the missionary map. Swiftly is the canvass covering torn from the carriage. It is bared to the moon, the moon that blushes as she beholds a thing of wood which man has made his god, yet smiles again as she sees that a strong and sturdy band is vindicating humanity by bending every energy to the destruction of the idol. Now does she sweep in her onward course down the steep hill, like an arrow shot from the cross-bow of Robin Hood. Now does she labor in ascending slowly and toilsomely the stony path of some road crossing hill, or intervening bridge. Listen! Do not the actions and words of that gallant band, faintly seen and heard through the midnight blackness, show them to be bent on a mission of no ordinary magnitude. The black bottle passes around—but perhaps this ought to have been omitted as a black bottle even though it contains ice water, is suspicious. “Go it, fellows, Barnum stands treat!” “Heave

ho, boys, Barnum's fair game!" While here and there a more deeply enthusiastic zealot shouted the stirring sentence, that like the "Deus vult!" on the heart of the Crusader; was the motto of the enterprise, "Down with the Car of Juggernaut!" "Perish the diabolical superstition!" But the raging canal is reached. A subdued murmur of exultation goes around, as the huge machine is wheeled sidewise with the tow path. "Heave, ho!" all hands to the rails!" Gradually, like an idea through a Freshman's hair—or more classically like a rat drowning in a barrel of soap does the old car lose its equilibrium. And now amid a cheering that makes the welkin ring again, crash, splash, dash, smash! she tumbles, rolls, wheels, keels into the moonlit waters of the Delaware and Raritan. So perish all the diabolical engines of heathen idolatry! So perish Humbug! 'Twere useless to follow that gallant band home. 'Twere useless to praise them—Juniors, Sophs, and Freshmen—all behaved themselves like men. 'Twere useless to watch that dishonored craft, as it lay through the night taking into its bosom the frogs of the coagulated ditch, and being run over by uncompromising propellers. Suffice it, the deed was not suspected till the morning. At that time the devotees of the idol car, gathered together to drag out its faded and unarticulated skeleton, and still worshipping it even in its half-annihilation—to hurry it off to meet the scoffs of the next village. The classes of 1851, Springtime, are immortalized, undoubtedly and beyond question! The deed itself, and then this historical transmission of it to posterity by a writer acute, discerning, graphic, well informed, and withal quite modest(!)—are more than enough for immortality. It need not be stated that the Faculty, of course, heartily approved of the whole transaction and would have lent a helping hand—but it happened that gout prevented part of them from running—excessive delicacy another part from soiling their hands—and excessive laziness another part from doing anything at all. A false, malicious rumor was circulated that one of the Professors (we omit names) was prevented from attending by having something better to do! We are authorized to stamp the report as an infamous and cowardly falsehood. The author deserves the contempt of all order-loving citizens.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

At length, dear readers, you have the last number of the Nassau Monthly from the class of *fifty-one*. Our immediate predecessor remarked to us one day,

"Sweet to the editor his first-born's birth."

We hope he will soon have a more living proof of this delight, than the appearance of a neat pamphlet. Indeed the Monthly is sometimes the last as well as the first literary offspring of the editor himself. But the present number is the youngest in another sense—it is the last of this litter. These youngest children are generally petted too much, but in the present case indulgence is rather to be desired. And it is a pleasing assurance to think that these pages will be read by *nascent* Seniors, Juniors and Sophs.—there are no Freshmen—reclining beneath the luxurious shades of the campus-trees, on the soft mattress of grass, or sitting about Lazy Corner where all the beauty that promenades Nassau Street has to pass. In such situations every one is good-natured, easy to please; and this circumstance together with the consideration that the editor will soon have "*sloped to Texas*," it is hoped will secure a gentle treatment for the infant he leaves behind.

Editors generally have their own fun in this part of their publications; but the thought of leaving, and of this being our last number, makes it too serious a matter to laugh or allow laughter. It is like the Irishman's interment of his amputated arm. Some who witnessed the solemnity were disposed to make merry. He threatened, "if any one jist showed his eye-teeth a laughing he would take him by the nap of the neck &—" but he had forgotten that he could take but one hold. It is too serious a time to laugh, so we will take a farewell view of College grounds and exercises.

The Campus.—At this moment the ground in front of North College presents an appearance at least not surpassed in loveliness by any academic grove in the United States. It is all that beautiful wide-spreading trees, and a rich green carpeting of grass, crossed by convenient walks, could make it. There is just enough sunshine, just enough shade. How delightful it is to see the spots of clear blue sky through the openings in the overhanging boughs! These are shades that have tempted the hardest poler to stretch his infinitesimal limbs on the cool grass. And while he dozes some Cacus drags off first honor by the tail. Let us note everything carefully that we may remember it. Here stands that great elm, there is the tree the horn-blower jumped out of; here goes one walk, there another. Now we go behind Nassau Hall and find ourselves enclosed in a square area of which the two graceful temples to friendship and literature, mark the southern corners, East and West Colleges part of the eastern and western boundaries, and the ancient pile of

Nassau Hall the northern limit. In the middle stands a cannon of Revolutionary memory planted with the mouth downward, so that it can never tell of the councils of spies that have been held around it. We will next enter the College and remember that it was named for William III "who was a branch of the illustrious house of Nassau;" that Washington has consecrated it by his presence. It would be amusing to observe the various signs and inscriptions over the doors of the rooms, and it would please some of us to see the Lone Star marked on two of them.

We must not forget "the identical electrical machine used by Dr. Franklin" in the Chemical Hall, and the orrery constructed by Rittenhouse in the library. These are some of the things that *exist* about College; but there is something equally interesting in what is going on among us. The Seniors are nearly all gone, and you may see a Junior cross the campus casting his eyes down over his person and turning his mind on the *Me* within him and ask, "is this a *senior* that I find myself? Highest class—Botany—Statics, what do these mean? O the things that come

"When we have shuffled off this *Junior* coil,
Must give us *pause*."

He must have reference to the change which takes place in the early part of a bull-frog's life, when a certain shuffling off makes way for paws. With these he expects greater facility in leaping or scrambling up that mountain so well known—the hill of Science. The freshman asks himself, "what is the third class in college called? Sophomore. To what class do I belong? The third, 'and so ends my catechism.'" As to the Sophs, they are neither raised from the lowest nor placed in the highest class by the change so they are rather indifferent about it.

Table talk.—The clubs at the various tables seem to have come to the wise resolution to improve their conversational and argumentative powers, and exercise their chests and sides, at the same time they are taking the nourishment that sustains all. As specimens of what generally enlivens their meals we will give one or two conversations that we have heard. Talkers A. B. C. D. &c. Listeners, a few, Time, Dinner,

D. "Well, A, they tell me around college that you walked the campus in disguise last evening.

A. It's a mistake, there's nothing of it.

D. No sir, they tell me you stepped around with a clean shirt on and some even thought they saw a standing collar, but didn't know but what it might have been the natural—

C. Now D, that's old about the disguise; and as to the long ears I think of that every time I look—

D. In the glass, often.

C. Every time I look at you.

A. Speaking of disguises reminds me of guises. I suppose you have all seen accounts of the revolution in female costume?

B. Yes, you refer to the adoption of the Turkish dress. Success to it.

A. If we had no other ground than the general passion for novelty we might reasonably expect that it would soon become the prevailing fashion. But O! if you could only see a handsome lady dressed in it you would wonder that these long dew-drabbling skirts are not immediately converted into air-balloons. Not long ago I saw a New York lady decked in the Turkish style and she took off my heart just between her brow and the turban. Before, I had such ideas of her appearance as could be expressed by *beautiful*, *lovely*, pronounced with hearty emphasis; but now, when I saw that face surrounded by the rich ornaments that compose the head dress, like the finest diamond among gold, I could only look and *feel*, not express. My eyes were irresistibly drawn to that face like a pith-ball to an electrified body, and then overcharged with beauty and repelled again to prepare for another shock. And the neck encircled with pearls was so charming! The body was attired with loose flowing robes sufficiently graceful, and so much more conducive to the perfect developement of the form and also to the health than these tight, stiff bandages now worn. And then the little trout-like feet were so nimble and proud of their freedom, that she had constantly to restrain them or they would have run away with her. When she moved or turned her head, it was like seeing the reflection of the moon and stars in a wave-mirror.

B. But I think the greatest recommendation of the dress is the convenience of walking and the increased safety of riding on horseback.

C. Why, you don't suppose—

All. Suppose what?" The whole ended in a confusion of tongues. Another table at breakfast.

B. Mr. D. what is the reason you were not at prayers this morning?

D. I am conscientiously opposed to attending morning prayers, myself.

A. Well you are a hard case; what are your reasons?

D. In the first place it teaches the fellows to lie.

C. Is that the way you learned?

D. No body is going to be sent off for missing too many morning prayers when a few small fibs will help him out.

C. You could'n't have had very strong objections to learning the art when you might have saved yourself from it by getting up in decent time.

A. That's a fact; the whole question resolves itself into this, whether you would rather get up or lie.

D. It teaches fellows to lie; and then it gives them a habit of coming into the chapel on the spur of the moment with faces unwashed and their clothes not put on and concealed by hideous gowns. The morning I was there I saw several come in with out any collars on.

A. As for that I wish men always had to dress in a hurry. I do think there is nothing more unmanly than this modern way of swaddling up the neck, not to speak of the encroachments on the face being made by the standers. Wmp it when it has to be subjected to a yoke as halter, not before.

B. You say *unmanly*—I suppose you allow that a lady's neck should be clothed?"—And the conversation, as over, turned upon those fair subjects.

Now Seniors let us mark how the day passes in college, the joys that attend life here and see if we ever meet such again.

The bell rings in the morning for prayers. In a few minutes you may see streams of gowned and slippered students issuing from the three colleges and a few straggling ones from other parts, all converging to the chapel doors. If you have been up sometime it will be an easy matter; but if you are not up when the bell rings it will be a heavy task. Prayers over, take a stroll or what not. Then the refec bell sets every man's conscience astir and they go to breakfast. Loaf about the campus until the mail opens. Go to your rooms! Poll or call around until 11, and then to the lecture room. Out at 12. Loaf maybe until one; dinner. Study some till 4; prayers at 5. Walk till tea. Next more post-interest. Books again until 10, 11 or 12. Then all inter-scattered with these regular duties a thousand episodes of college life, jokes, hoaxes, and bores. Then certain days have their peculiarities. Monday morning excuse for missing exercises; same evening messages from the faculty; sent for in private. Then some classes have their privileges; as for instance the Sophs. and Fresh. recite in the morning before their eyes are all open. Then on Friday evening the Halls. A little spree occasionally furnishes "argument for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest forever." For the christening of the Juggernaut see a former page. There has been another spree lately which went in the little end of the horn but where it came out we can not say.


These are some of the charms of college life; but to us fellow Seniors these charms must soon be fled. Let us take one more look at them—a long, sad, farewell gaze, and turn our eyes to the wind to dry up the gathering tears and then our backs on college life for ever! Go home, marry early and serve the union. And when in old age you make the children close the door, think of the old college word "call round!"

THE EDITOR.

CONTENTS.

Public Virtue,	- - - - -	261
An Evening Stroll,	- - - - -	265
The First Prayer in Congress,	- - - - -	273
The Endearments of Home,	- - - - -	275
A Tribute to the Memory of Wm. H. Timlow,	- - - - -	279
The Flirtation,	- - - - -	279
Letter,	- - - - -	284
Poem,	- - - - -	286
Human Progress,	- - - - -	288
Princeton, vs. Barnum et Humbug!	- - - - -	291
Editor's Table,	294

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